



THE ARIZONA MINER.

Published Daily and Weekly.

Prescott, Yavapai County, Arizona.

JOHN H. MARION & CO.

JOHN H. MARION, DENZ. H. SEAR.

The Daily Arizona Miner was started December 1st, 1873, immediately after the completion of Arizona's first telegraph line, and is published on the evening of Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Saturday, of each week, and will always contain the latest, best and most reliable news that can be procured by Telegraph, Mail, Express and all other reliable means.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.—Delivered by carrier, (who will collect every Saturday), FIFTY CENTS A WEEK. By Mail, FIVE DOLLARS FOR THREE MONTHS.

On Friday, the WEEKLY MINER, containing telegraphic news to the hour of going to press, will be furnished all DAILY subscribers at a discount of one cent.

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THE WEEKLY MINER.

The first number of the WEEKLY MINER was issued on March 3, 1874, and, now, in its eleventh year, it is, with truth, claim to be the oldest, largest and best newspaper in the Territory.

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LIEUT. WHEELER ON THE INTER-OCEAN SLANDER.

(From Saturday's Daily.)

HAVING already disposed of certain false assertions about the mineral and agricultural resources of Arizona, contained in a paragraph which, we believe, first appeared in the Chicago Inter-Ocean, which paper claimed to have got its "facts" from a report of Lieut. Wheeler, all that is now necessary for us to do is to publish the following correspondence, concerning the matters at issue, between our Delegate in Congress and the Lieutenant, and to request a republication of the same by our Chicago contemporary:

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES,

WASHINGTON, D. C., February 6, 1874.

To the Editor of the Arizona Miner:

Dear Sir:—Finding an item going the rounds of the press, (and sometimes accredited to the Chicago Inter-Ocean), to the effect that Lieut. Wheeler had, in a recent report, or letter, spoken of the resources of Arizona in very disparaging terms, I called his attention to the matter, and have just received the enclosed response from him. It may be well, in justice to both the Territory and to Lieut. Wheeler, to publish it and send a copy to the Inter-Ocean. Yours, truly,

R. C. MCCORMICK.

WASHINGTON, D. C., February 5, 1874.

My Dear Sir:—Your note of the 4th is at hand. You are at perfect liberty to correct the unfair comparison presented in the article, as nothing has come from myself, or so far as I know, from any one of the expedition, either verbally or by official report, justifying the statement. In deed every year has added to my faith in the development of Arizona, both in a mineral and agricultural point of view. I always intended to be very guarded in my remarks bearing upon the resources of the West. I have always commended, when favorable opportunity offered, the legitimate interests of all sections traversed by the survey.

I shall be glad to see you at the office, 1813 F street, should you find the time; you can see how the maps are progressing, and perhaps note something of interest. Very respectfully yours,

GEO. M. WHEELER.

The rainfall up till today is about 11 inches. Although this is abundant our more fortunate neighbors have had nearly 13 inches.

The foregoing from the Santa Barbara (California) Times, enables us to remark, with truth, that Arizona is among the "more fortunate neighbors," since the season has given her about fourteen inches of water, from snow and rain.

Gen. Harney says that people who sell whisky to Indians should be punished by shooting or hanging. Further, that, if Army officers have not changed much since he knew them, the management of Indians would be much better in their hands.

The National Granger platform, which appears to be a sensible document, is printed in to-day's MINER.

MILITARY NEWS—DEPARTMENT OF ARIZONA.

(By TELEGRAPH.)

Col Leib, 5th cavalry, Lieutenants Winters, Smith, Witherspoon and Edwards, 23d infantry, and a detachment of recruits for regiments in this department, sailed from San Francisco last week, by way of the Gulf, for Yuma. Col Leib goes to Camp Grant, and the others—now appointments—have not yet been assigned to companies.

Lieut. Wm Allen has been ordered to Camp Mojave.

Major Gordon, 5th cavalry, is at Yuma, and leaves for Tucson to-morrow.

Lieut. Rockwell, R. Q. M., 5th cavalry, reached Tucson to-day.

Lieuts. Woodson and Rodgers, 5th cavalry, are at San Diego, en route to their stations. They go to Camp Grant.

The Territory of Montana costs Government in the neighborhood of \$3,000,000 per annum, and yet we hear no complaint from Congress on this score. No; the billions members of that Ku-Klux Klan empty all their vials of wrath upon Arizona, because, we suppose, Arizona's Delegates have asked for more and received less than the Delegates of any other Territory.

No Go.—U. S. Senator Sargent, of California, has said that he cannot assist in procuring mail service from the end of the California Southern Pacific Railroad, in his State, to Hardyville in this Territory. We thought as much. What has Congressman Houghton to say on the subject?

The question is whether that Indian, of Captain Hamilton's command, who fired his gun a little too soon for the benefit of the white man and just in the nick of time for the Indians, didn't make the explosion on purpose to notify his "countrymen" of the presence of danger? Opinions are divided, but most white people believe that the ratiocinated Johnny out to be "retired."

Congress allows the Secretary of our Territory \$20,000 for running expenses of the legislature, besides \$4,000 for printing, which latter sum, or a goodly portion of it, has always been spent outside of the Territory, although our laws bear home imprints.

FIRST QUARTER.—The Daily MINER has weathered the wind and financial storms of the first three months of the present panicky winter with fair prospects for a long and useful life, and takes this occasion to return thanks to all who have in any way assisted in nursing it.

Errors.—The following is Josh Billings' definition of an editor: An editor is a male being whose business it is to navigate a maze paper. He writes editorials, grinds out poetry, inserts deaths and weddings, sorts out manuscripts, keeps a waste barrel, blows up the "devil," stinks matter, does other people's battles, sells his paper for a dollar and a-half a year, takes white beans and apple sauce for pay when he can get it, raises a large family, works nineteen hours out of every twenty-four, knows no Sunday, gets damned by everybody, and once in a while whips a home-boddy, live poor, dead middle-aged and often broken hearted, loves no money, is rewarded for a life of toil with a short but free obituary puff in the puse papers. Exchanges please copy.

ABOUT CALIFORNIA LIONS.

(From Monday's Daily.)

HARDYVILLE, Mohave County, A. T., January 30, 1874.

To the Editor of the Arizona Miner:

On my way from Prescott to this place, I stopped for the night at old Camp Huapal. On the morning of the 17th inst., I started early, in order to take advantage of the little frost on the ground which made it better traveling over the clay flats that are found near Anvil Rock. I reached the summit of the Aztec Pass quite early; the wind was blowing cold and the air was full of snow, and I pulled a blanket about my face and urged my horse forward as fast as I could. I had not traveled one mile from the summit of the Pass when my horse stopped; I looked forward and in the road, not fifty yards from me, I saw two cougars (commonly called California lions). One of them turned around so as to show himself to the best advantage possible. The other, a smaller one, got down close to the ground and acted as though he intended to spring at my horse. I lost no time in getting out my pistol, and as soon as my horse was quiet enough, fired at the creeping monster. I understood my mark. The ball struck a rock about one foot in advance of the creeping lion and glanced off with a sharp whistling noise. At this moment I observed five other monsters of the same species rise up from the dry grass, close by the road side. Now, all seven hopped off about twenty paces to the right of the road, and stopped on open ground, within sixty yards of me. Now, this was the first hop of the season, and here was I, an uninvited guest; but, I hastily took them, and as it is customary to describe deeds and appearance at fashionable hops, I will record them as I took them: three of the lions were very large, in fact, monsters of their species, and would weigh at least three hundred pounds; the others were smaller, but I should judge the smallest to weigh at least one hundred pounds. It being mid-winter, furs were all the rage. The three largest of these fellows were a dark gray bordering on a brown coat, being a little lighter on their sides; in front and under their bodies was white and appeared like white lace or down. The fourth was a little smaller, and his dress was a little darker in color. The three smaller ones were dressed in a dark chestnut coat; on the sides it bordered on yellow with the same lace or downy trimming. Their dresses glinted as they turned and resembled changeable silk; their movements were with much grace and ease. They all wore tails at least four feet long, and full three feet more than a lion had any use for, but, I presume, long tails are fashionable in these parts, if not, each lion or lioness had to carry his or her own tail, and it was not for me to say how long a tail a lion should carry.

One of the larger ones, which I took to be a mother of a part of the group, sat down like a cat; she raised her great paw and licked it, and then rubbed her ear and side of her head as a cat would. The movements were awkward but easy. If she was washing her face she should have done so before coming to the hop. The second large one set very quiet and looked on. The third large one, which I took to be a male, kept a little in the rear, and appeared to be uneasy, as though he expected reinforcement from another direction, and I earnestly hoped that no others would appear, as there were already enough for the occasion.

The fourth, a lively fellow, put his big paws on a large pine root that protruded above the ground and raked it down as though he was springing a little bluff. The bark flew in every direction. As a scratchist this fellow was a decided success. At the same time the three male ones lay down close to the ground and riveted their eyes on me or on my horse and commenced crawling up as though they would like a more intimate acquaintance. I had heard that if one looked a lion in the face it would turn away; but how could I look three lions in the eye at the same time? Impossible. Now I would like to have compromised this whole matter by giving a horse, but my horse was trembling with fear, which plainly told me that he would not stand to any bargain of this kind. I looked for a sapling, but they do not grow in this part of Arizona; none but large pines were in sight, and all the lions in Arizona could not frighten me up a tree that would measure four feet in diameter. To dismount I would make a dead shot, but then there would be six lions left and I about. This would not do. I resolved to try another shot, so I got my horse to face the game and again I fired. As my pistol cracked the foremost crawler jumped about six feet in the air and struck on his feet and bit his side as though he had been stung by a bee. At this the large ones moved off towards a brushy thicket, and the smaller ones followed. Now this was a move in the right direction. As I turned my horse to go on I saw approaching me three horsemen. They came in time, none too soon, I assure you. They had seen the large tracks in the road and heard my shots and hurried up. I told them of what had happened, and as they were well armed and appeared to be men that had seen something of frontier life, I suggested that if it was game they wanted they could find it in that thicket. But they all most emphatically denied having lost any lions. They hardly waited to hear all of my story (I) but passed on. As I started on my way home, I was very tired, but I would not have a little "played" and tired, but he would now and then look back and then "git." I told them twelve days my horse can see a lion whenever he wants to. The fact is he has what is called lion on the brain. If he does not recover soon I will sell him or trade him off for a mule.

FROM CAMP McDOWELL.

(From Tuesday's Daily.)

A Groom about Mail Carrying and Lettings, Rainfall, &c.

By letter dated Camp McDowell, February 21st, we learn that Mr. John Smith, of that place proposed to carry mails over the Prescott and San Bernardino route for \$24,000 per annum, just \$900 more than the amount bid by Van Dusen, and that he and his friends feel as if the bidding, at Washington, was not on the square.

Since learning that it was Mr. Smith's purpose to put a good line of stages on the route, we cannot but regret that his bid was not the lowest, as he has means and could well afford to take the risk (if any there be) of a first-class mail and passenger stage line.

The writer of the letter wonders why the mail from Tucson and other points south of the Gila and not for a long time past, arrived there, and seemed to think that there was no valid excuse for the long delay, since good ferry-boats have all along been making trips across the Salt and Gila rivers. We, too, wonder, and it is several weeks since we have had anything worth mentioning from south of the Gila save by telegraph.

The quality of rain which fell at McDowell, between November 1, and February 21, is set down at 10.75 inches.

TELEGRAPHIC.

Special Dispatches to the Arizona Miner, By Western Union and U. S. Military Lines.

Phoenix, Feb. 27.—Mr. Thos. Ewing, who came in from Tucson last evening, brings the following particulars of Indian depredations: On the night of the 23d, they attacked Stiles' ranch near Florence, cut down the corral gates and ran off all the stock. A party followed their trail and succeeded in recapturing eight head the second day out, but the Indians got away with the balance in safety.

The same night they attacked Regan's, one mile below Stiles' on the Gila, and ran off a fine herd of horses and mules.

The day following they stole twenty head of cows and several horses from the Pimas on the east side of Salt River. Among the horses stolen was a team of carriage horses belonging to Chas. W. Beach. A teamster was lying asleep near the horses, and the tracks showed that one of the Indians stood guard over him, evidently, for the purpose of killing him should he show any signs of waking. They drove the horses about two miles from the ranch where they killed and ate one of them. It is supposed they were a small party and unable to make a fight, hence the stealing without murdering.

On the 25th several Indians were seen at the old ruins east of Salt River, but as yet no more depredations are reported.

Phoenix, Feb. 28.—Jose Solkio undertook to cross Salt River last Sunday, at the Wilson crossing, and was drowned. The body has not been found yet.

A pistol fired, accidentally, last night, wounded a woman in the thigh.

Mr. Mowrey and Judge Alsop have gone to Maricopa Wells.

B. W. Franks and party, left here this morning for Prescott.

The Indians, at Tempe, still continue to steal stock. Some twenty animals, in all, being reported.

A dance was had last night in the court-house.

The quarterly conference of the Methodist church commenced last night.

Weather clear and warm.

Tucson, March 3.—Mr. E. N. Fish arrived last Thursday evening from Camp Grant, and brings news that Capt. A. B. Taylor, 5th cavalry, with a command of troops, recently discovered the San Carlos Indians in a body about fifteen miles north of old Camp Grant, in the Mesal mountains. Feeling that his force was insufficient for a successful battle he returned to Camp Grant for reinforcements. On Wednesday all the available troops at Grant were started out. Major Brown, commanding Camp Grant, is doing all he can to equip and keep out troops.

The Government stores from the Tucson depot have all been removed to Camp Lowell, and the depot abandoned.

Many cattle and some mules were lately lost about Hooker's ranch, O'Reilly's station and between these places and Grant. The animals mired down in places where aid could not reach them.

The noted and novel bet made on the 23d of January, between DeDong, of Tucson, and McCrum, of San Francisco, has been withdrawn, as, witness this telegram: San Francisco, Feb. 21.

To S. H. DeLong, Tucson:—Satisfied can make it. Forfeit lost; stakes withdrawn.

HUGH McCURM.

The bet was for \$2,000 on the part of DeLong, that he could ride his horse "Jerry" from here to San Francisco in twenty-five days, leaving Tucson March 20th, and arriving at San Francisco on or before April 14th, and on the part of McCrum that the feat could not be done. The forfeit was for five hundred dollars, which has been given to Mr. DeLong.

Weather has been very warm and pleasant for the past few days. To-day the air is mild, the sky cloudy with a light southwest breeze. Thermometer at 8 a. m., 54°.

MARICOPA COUNTY.

L. W. R. WELLINGS, EDWARD E. HELLISON, C. H. YRAT.

SALT RIVER FLOURING MILL,

Salt River Valley, Arizona.

Our Mill now being in full operation, we are prepared to furnish the market with a quality of Flour, which is guaranteed far superior to any manufactured in the Territory, and fully equal to the very best imported from California. We will keep constantly on hand at the MILL, and at our several agencies.

THREE QUALITIES OF FLOUR, In 25, 50, and 100-Pound Sacks

GRAHAM FLOUR, SEMITELLA, CORN-MEAL, CRACKED WHEAT AND BRAN.

A liberal discount will be made on regular rates to merchants and others purchasing large quantities.

AGENTS: GIBSON CORNELL, Prescott; J. H. PIERSON, Wickenburg; DANFORTH & BLACK, Phoenix; MOORE & CARR, Maricopa Wells; E. N. FISH & CO., Florence; E. N. FISH & CO., Tucson; East Phoenix, Arizona. W. B. HELLISON & CO., Salt River.

PHOENIX HOTEL,

Phoenix, Arizona.

The undersigned having opened this Hotel, assures the public that no pains or expense will be spared to make it THE Hotel of the Territory.

Single rooms for families, in connection with the Hotel. A good Stable and Feed Yard attached to the premises. Come one, come all! [and give me a call.] nov1st J. J. GARDNER, Proprietor.

H. MORGAN & CO., PHOENIX, SALT RIVER VALLEY, MORGAN'S FERRY, ON THE GILA, Maricopa County, Arizona.

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Our Motto: "Quick Sales and Small Profits."

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Have on hand a Large and Complete Stock of GENERAL MERCHANDISE.

Computing everything reduced to a farming country, and which they will sell at the lowest possible prices. Highest price paid for Gold. feb1st

E. IRVINE & CO., At the News Depot, PHOENIX, ARIZONA.

Offer for sale an assortment of first class

FAMILY GROCERIES, Stationery, Books, NEWSPAPERS AND PERIODICALS AT LOW PRICES. Phoenix, Maricopa Co. Arizona, December 20th, 1873.

CAPITAL HOUSE,

Phoenix, Arizona, JOHN GEORGE, Proprietor.

The salting department will be conducted on the restaurant style. MEALS AT ALL HOURS.

THE SALOON Department, by GEORGE & WALTERS, will be supplied with the best of Liquors, etc. Phoenix, Maricopa county, A. T., August 21, 1873. aug21

BARNETT & BLOCK, DEALERS IN Groceries, Provisions, Clothing, Dry Goods, Boots, Shoes, Tobacco, &c. PHOENIX, MARICOPA COUNTY, ARIZONA. feb1st

Sell cheaper than any other merchants in central Arizona.

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New Store—New Goods.

THE BEST EVER OFFERED IN THIS MARKET.

WE TAKE THIS METHOD OF RESPECTFULLY assuring to the public that we have just received, arranged, and are now selling and offering for sale, in our

NEW AND COMMODIOUS STORE, South Side of Plaza, Prescott, Arizona, (One door East of Wagon & Wertheimer's) AN IMMENSE STOCK, consisting, in part, of Foreign and Domestic Dry Goods, Clothing, Boots, Shoes, Gaiters, Of all kinds and sizes, for ladies, gentlemen and boys.

OUR STOCK, HAVING BEEN SELECTED with great care by one of the first, (who will remain in San Francisco for the purpose of buying more goods, at a small advance on cost), and with special reference to this market, we are confident that we can sell our goods

CHEAPER Than any other House in the Territory. We are therefore certain that as to quality and adaptability to the wants of the community, our stock is unsurpassed.

For these reasons we respectfully solicit a share of the public patronage. Goods secured from our goods and prices cannot fail to give entire satisfaction.

Our Currency Exchange for Gold Dust, &c. H. ASHER & CO. Prescott, November 25, 1873. nov25th

Business & Professional Cards.

COLER